

The All New All Purpose

# Omen



*The way to a man's* **heart**

April 14, 2006

Vol. 26 Issue 5



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## omen

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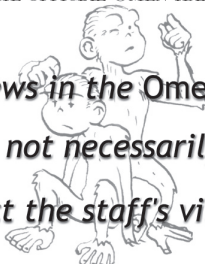
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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

*Views in the Omen* (5)

*Do not necessarily* (7)

*Reflect the staff's views* (5)



## to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, x4371. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to [jwl04@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwl04@hampshire.edu)

**And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.**

**Visit the Omen's barely updated website! [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)**

"It's not about eugenics! I mean, being gay is fucking eugenics!"

- attributed to Jacob Lefton

## DRAG BALL IS NOT WORTH ALL THE FUSS

## Editorial

by Jacob Lefton, Editor-in-Chief

I think it's about time to get rid of Drag Ball. I don't think it's healthy for our community. In fact, I would say it's downright bad. It holds us back by reasserting heteronormative discourses on campus.

Drag Ball is intended to be an ostensibly fun event, which happens to encompass transgender issues. On some posters, the campus is asked to dress, act, and think respectfully. However, the trans issues are, in my opinion, a shoddy disguise for what it really is: a poor excuse to have a party. It's really a lot like Hampshire Halloween, but at least Halloween doesn't put forth any false pretenses. The reality is, Drag Ball creates an alienating, regressive, irresponsible environment.

Drag implies gender division. You're dressing as the opposite gender. You place a definition on the gender you are and the gender you aren't, and then you cross that very specific and intentionally blatant boundary. In my notebook from Kristen Luschen's class "Youth, Sexuality, and Education," there is a line that says, "choreographed gender inversions' are allowed, to uphold heteronormative gender roles." By expressing that opposite gender, in a particularly flamboyant and irresponsibly unrepresentative manner, you are in fact signifying strong gender barriers.

I have some friends who identify as genderqueer—they feel they don't fit into the traditional two-gender/gender-binary system. They want to know what they're supposed to make of Drag Ball. They don't necessarily have an opposite gender to dress as. It's an uncomfortable situation for them. They're an even smaller minority than trans students, but that doesn't mean we should be marginalizing their feelings.

Not only does Drag Ball create these barriers, but by

creating them for Drag Ball, you specify a time and place that are okay to act flamboyantly like the other gender. This is much like a powder-puff football game from high school. In a powder-puff game, the football players dress up like cheerleaders and the cheerleaders play football. When talking about heteronormativity in schools, this example often comes up.

"But that's in a high school or some less liberal college," say many people here. "Hampshire's different. We know it's okay to identify with another gender any time you want. Drag Ball's just for fun!"

Drag Ball, powder-puff games, any other gender-bending Event, I think they're all the same. In high school, when I would object to the gendering of toys or games, or really anything, I would always get the same response: "Jacob, why don't you just wear a dress to school tomorrow?" I can't. I've been enculturated just the same as you have. Crossing the boundaries on days when it's not socially approved is simply not okay in many spaces. With Drag Ball, we create that same environment here on campus.

I know Hampshire has a significantly larger percentage of gay, lesbian, and transexual students than many other similar places, and much higher awareness about social issues, but they are still a minority. In a lot of respects, Hampshire is very much like many other colleges, and we the students are very similar to other American students in many ways that we might wish we weren't:

Samuel Reigeluth's Div III "How young people experience negotiating sexual intimacy with their partners," shows that, through heterosexual couples that were comfortable voluntarily talking about sex with an outsider, we are notoriously bad at talking about pleasure, power, and sex with our partners. All of the men believed they had a "need" that had to be "fulfilled." The

(continued on next page)

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write (except

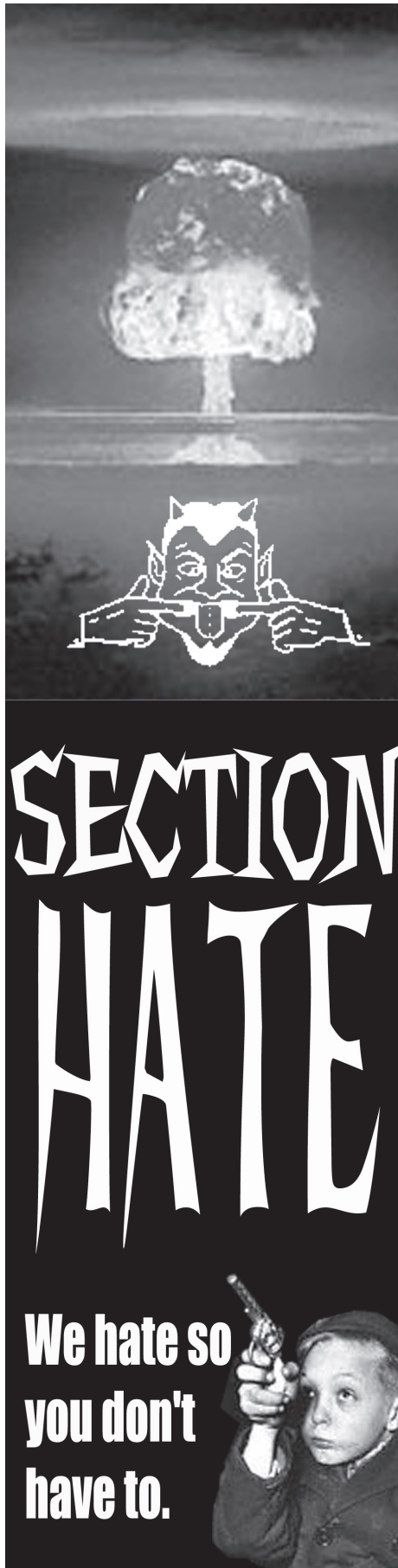
spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.







(continued from previous page)

women would say things along the lines of, "Well, I don't always want to have sex, but he does, and I don't want to disappoint him." It's in the library, and I urge you to read it and confront these issues in your relationship.

We are upset that only fifteen percent of our campus voted in the Community Council elections, or really, most other election we have. I've got news for you – that's impressive compared to somewhere like UMass, which had a record breaking sixteen percent of their students vote in the student trustee election this year. We're really not all that different from other places in that respect.

We consume a significant amount of alcohol and drugs and we smoke more cigarettes this year than we did last year. In fact, almost half the campus smokes (~46%, says the CORE survey), and significantly more than half binge drink. Probably more than other places, per capita. This isn't socially responsible at all, and brings me to the other questions I have about Drag Ball. I will admit to some personal prejudices with this.

How can being in an environment filled with so many intoxicated people and an "oppressive, loud, anti-conversation oriented environment," as one of my friends puts it, be fun? What do you get out of it except the chance to only partially fulfill one of your most basic animal desires by grinding with someone while half dressed? For a school, a student body, and an event that preach social responsibility, I fail to see how entering a room with ridiculous sexual tension, with others who are and/or while you are under the influence of substances is responsible in any way?

What do we have to gain from Drag Ball? In my mind, nothing. In fact, I see it as pushing our campus backward on social issues. It's not a socializing-friendly, intellectually stimulating environment. In fact, the only thing it sort of stimulates is my sex drive. That alone is a stupid reason to do anything.

On Friday night, you have a choice. You can attend Drag Ball and contribute

to the reassertion of the heteronormative discourse on this campus, or you can go to one of the multitude of other events happening on campus that evening. Check out the table tents in SAGA. One side is dedicated to this week's Friday night events.

How about Deathfest? With that, you're invited to become part of a collaborative story that involves potentially more than sixty other people. It's socially stimulating, intellectually stimulating, and fun. You don't have to get drunk, put yourself in compromising situations, or contribute to negative socialization on campus. You don't even have to know how to play D&D, because we'll teach you. It's fun, and my little brother will be there, so you'll get to meet him.

Basically, what I'm saying is: Next year, let's try not having a Drag Ball. Maybe we can think of some event that's far more educational and constructive in building gender sensitivity and respect on campus. You'll be able to meet cute, cool people anyway—plus, they'll be in their preferred everyday state, with no false pretenses. Instead of coming away with a hangover and blue balls (you could say 'pelvic congestion,' for any gender), everyone will come away more enlightened about something that's so important to students that they put up violent green posters in the dorm bathrooms urging us to ask faculty to go to a trans-awareness training.

The training is on Tuesday, April 18th, from 3:30-5:30 PM (Governance Time), and please do ask your professors to go to this, because it's important. Unfortunately, the location is TBA, according to the intranet.

In the same vein as this, I have a brief discussion about how bullshit the Easter Keg Hunt is, but that's just because I'm a boring fart who doesn't think getting stupidly drunk is entertaining in the slightest. However, I do want to wish everyone a happy Spring and related holiday (if you're into that.)



# I'm submitting to the Omen, God knows why.

Let me start by saying that "let me start by saying" is a terrible way to start a piece of anything. You obviously don't have an option as to how I start this whatever it is that I'm writing right now and by the end of this I'm sure it will be clear that I'm not saying anything at all. What I'm doing right now is satisfying my capricious nature by writing a piece for a magazine that I've been aware of but haven't so much as glanced at until about ten minutes ago. What I should be doing is writing a paper on Kierkegaard. Thing is, I've written the paper that I should be writing on Kierkegaard already, like three different times. Every time it comes time to write another one I think and I think and the same paper comes out. So now I have the misfortune of being required to write another one for another class and for some bizarre reason I decided to do this instead. You might call it procrastination but I wouldn't because I hate that word and everything it represents. Procrastination gives a name and a value to the inherently valueless effort of putting off things of actual worth. The continuing and baffling rise of the anti-hero in our culture (more on culture and vomit later) has brought with it this elevation of procrastination to something to which we should aspire. To combat this I've started procrastinating in specifically negative ways. Instead of doing other, time-insensitive work such as cleaning my room or organizing my music collection I like to do something in the form of I'm supposed to but towards purposefully useless ends. In the case of writing (if you can call this writing) I think of the least useful thing I can write

and go to. Usually these endeavors in uselessness bring me to the least useful place of all, the internet. However, after progressing (de-gressing) through writing posts on message boards about improvisational comedy, responding to the web journals of people I don't know, and crafting hardcore pornographic stories I think I've reached a new low (at least as far as number of readers) in this, my first contribution to The Omen.

Now I know what you're thinking. First? First implies second! Second implies more of this! More of this implies vomit! I think this is exactly the point that I'm not making. In my first encounter with the magazine which you're currently reading, about twelve minutes ago, I noticed a similarity in writing style so marked that I felt I could do everyone involved a great disservice by repaying them in kind. It's this exact sort of pseudo-clever (and I assure you I'm not), hyphenated-word using, parenthetically packed, sort of meta-narrative on whatever tiny facet of life has so roused the author's ire that he or she simply must respond to it with bland satire. Sure, the first couple of times it was probably funny, even inspired, but now it's just become boring and grotesque. My posters have been ripped down! An article in the Omen will reveal to those poster-rippers their innermost failings and amuse my peers. Smokers?! I'll write an inane piece of drivel letting them know the reasons they should quit! Guy, just so you know we don't smoke because it's cool, we smoke because it's deliberately uncool. Only some freak occurrence in pop-culture (told you) has

made the terribly expensive, smelly, and deadly habit of smoking into something to be admired. Just stop perpetuating a mythos of coolness and I'll go back to perfecting my standing around and looking pissed off technique. Every thing has become trite, even rebellion. For God's sake, this place is worse than high school! We're all so original, lets go be original together. I make myself sick. I need a cigarette...

Now where was I, right, God. God needs to get his act together. We need a good ol' rain of fire. Something to stop this endless parade of tirades against the mundane. A little Sodom-style justice would do this place a world of good. Where are all the flaming swords and plagues of locusts? Where is the intellectual restart button? Worse than evil, we've grown boring in the absence of a good ass-kicking. Even I, especially I, do you think I'd be sitting here wasting everyone's precious time on this earth if I'd received even one ass-kicking in my life? Would I even think of hitting this send button if I thought there was a chance I'd turn into a pillar of salt? No, but here I go, about to perpetuate some more inanity in a place that has it in spades. Well, with any luck they won't even print this reverse peristalsis inducing monstrosity. What? They print everything? One of you should kill me in my sleep, I'll leave my door unlocked.



# SECTION SPEAK

## An inspiring bible tale for the Spring Holidays

3:15 But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a saviour, Ehud the son of Gera, the Benjamite, a man left-handed; and the children of Israel sent a present by him unto Eglon the king of Moab.

3:16 And Ehud made him a sword which had two edges, of a cubit length; and he girded it under his raiment upon his right thigh.

3:17 And he offered the present unto Eglon king of Moab--now Eglon was a very fat man.

3:18 And when he had made an end of offering the present, he sent away the people that bore the present.

3:19 But he himself turned back from the quarries that were by Gilgal, and said: 'I have a secret errand unto thee, O king.' And he said: 'Keep silence.' And all that stood by him went out from him.

3:20 And Ehud came unto him; and he was sitting by himself alone in his cool upper chamber. And Ehud said: 'I have a message from God unto thee.' And he arose out of his seat.

3:21 And Ehud put forth his left hand, and took the sword from his right thigh, and thrust it into his belly.

3:22 And the haft also went in after the blade; and the fat closed upon the blade, for he drew not the sword out of his belly; and it came out behind.

3:23 Then Ehud went forth into the porch, and shut the doors of the upper

chamber upon him, and locked them.

3:24 Now when he was gone out, his servants came; and they saw, and, behold, the doors of the upper chamber were locked; and they, said: 'Surely he is covering his feet in the cabinet of the cool chamber.'

3:25 And they tarried till they were ashamed; and, behold, he opened not the doors of the upper chamber; therefore they took the key, and opened them; and, behold, their lord was fallen down dead on the earth.

3:26 And Ehud escaped while they lingered, having passed beyond the quarries, and escaped unto Seirah.

3:27 And it came to pass, when he was come, that he blew a horn in the hill-country of Ephraim, and the children of Israel went down with him from the hill-country, and he before them.

3:28 And he said unto them: 'Follow after me; for the Lord hath delivered your enemies the Moabites into your hand.' And they went down after him, and took the fords of the Jordan against the Moabites, and suffered not a man to pass over.

3:29 And they smote of Moab at that time about ten thousand men, every lusty man, and every man of valour; and there escaped not a man.

3:30 So Moab was subdued that day under the hand of Israel. And the land had rest fourscore years.



**News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.**



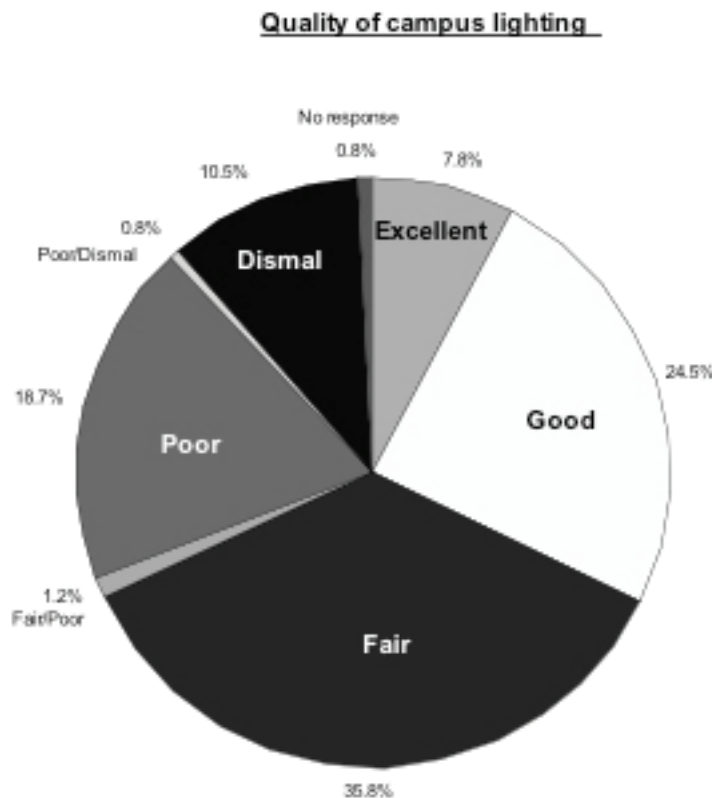
# Women's Caucus Campus Safety Survey Results

Submitted by The Women's Center

On the 8<sup>th</sup> of February, 2006, Women's Caucus administered surveys to the on-campus mailboxes of every Hampshire student. The surveys asked questions in regards to campus safety, and measured students' comfort levels on campus, their perceived quality of lighting and callboxes, and whether or not they knew about the resources provided to them (See Appendix 1 for text of survey). After more than a week, we collected the responses and analyzed the data.

257 students replied to our survey, 59% of them identifying as women, 34% identifying as men and 6% identifying as trans, other, or choosing not to identify.

One of the things that motivated our survey was an official assessment that lighting on campus was "Excellent." We wondered if the official opinion might differ from the opinion of those who live on campus; and indeed it did: 32.3% of students surveyed said lighting was "Excellent" or "Good," while 66.9% said that lighting was "Fair," "Poor" or "Dismal." Only 7.8% agreed with the official assessment of "Excellent," which was the lowest response of any given category, including "Dismal" (10.5%) (See Chart 1).

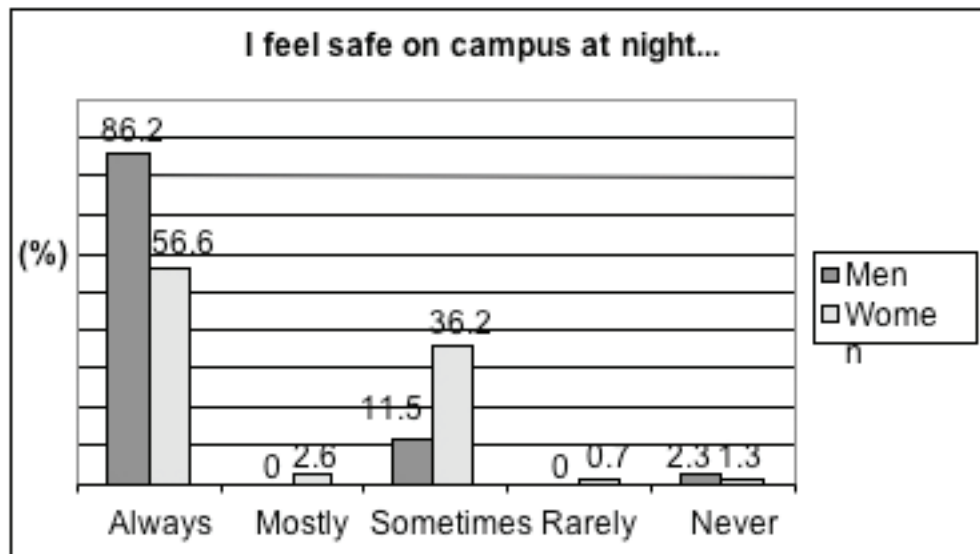


Since this survey was administered, Women's Caucus has noticed lights (specifically on the path between the bus stop and EDH – a perpetually dark area) and callboxes being erected on campus (at the four-way stop, and in the Enfield parking lot, both deserted areas, as far as calling for help goes). We would like to express our gratitude for these improvements, and encourage that further improvements be done with as much student input as possible, since students are the ones who live on campus and spend their days and nights here, and have ample experience walking around at night in potentially vulnerable positions. Women's Caucus is willing to administer another survey (or other type of call for student input) to gather suggestions as to where lights should be

put. When data from our survey is broken down by gender, we found that, while 82.6% of men surveyed said they “Always” felt safe on campus at night, only 56.6% of women surveyed agreed. Women who responded to that question responded in a greater range than men, answering Mostly<sup>1</sup> (2.6%), Sometimes (36.2%), Rarely (0.7%), or Never (1.3%) (See Chart 2). It appears that the gender of respondent may have an effect on how safe they feel on campus at night. This underscores the difference in opinion that may result when, on the same night, a first-year woman walks from a class in EDH to her dorm in Merrill, as opposed to a male public safety officer (armed and monitored, after all) who walks or drives patrolling the campus. In our opinion, the only way to know if you are making campus feel (and in actuality, be) safer for the students who live here is to ask them.

When Women’s Caucus, in the past, has done walk-arounds of our own, we have noticed trouble spots, including: the back (North side) of FPH is cast in dark shadow by a bright floodlight on the East side of the building, the indented corner on the West side of Merrill A (by the ramp into the Merrill quad) is consistently dark and icy, and the sides of Prescott buildings that face woods are unlit. By the time this is written, it is probable that some of these issues are in the process of being addressed. It is also possible that there are safety issues on campus that are intimately known only to people who live in particular areas (the stairwells in Prescott, for example) and unknown to both public safety and Women’s Caucus. Again, our recommendation is to ask the students: they can be a great resource for (as well as the reason for) keeping campus safe.

Our survey also found that many students were unaware either that walking guards were available for escort (37.7%) or that safety concerns could be reported to switchboard (54.5%). Additionally, many students commented on questions regarding the amount, visibility and condition of callboxes by saying things like, “Never used one (never saw one!),” “Never noticed call boxes,” “What



callboxes?” “Where are they??” and “I pay no attention to call boxes. I never even realized that the blue lights indicated call boxes.” This indicates that a great deal more (any?) advertising needs to be done to let students know these services exist for their use on campus. Women’s Caucus’ suggestion is to have interns include this information in their hall or mod meetings. Interns, after all, are one of the great resources for students to turn to, and hopefully wouldn’t mind informing their students about other resources. Also, relaying this information (what callboxes are, that walking guards exist, that switchboard is a resource) in this way will guarantee that all students will know about it, since all are required to have hall or mod meetings.

The categories of “Mostly” and “Rarely” were extrapolated from the survey from responses that lay between Always/Sometimes, and Sometimes/Never, respectively.





# Hampshire classes are great, but...

Hampshire is a great place for many, many reasons, which are too numerous to name here. (Hell, it's an Omen article – did you really think I was going to list *good* things about *anything*? Just to be nice, I will mention something good: A fresh slice of pepperoni pizza and a cold glass of Coke®.) However, I feel as if the class structure and scheme for instruction has consistently fallen short on one account – and I am just beginning to realize this now.

Courses at Hampshire can be great experiences: professors don't pussyfoot around with busy work and the like. Nearly all of the classes I have taken here had us reading primary articles and texts from day one; immersion into the fields (particularly in the school of CS, as many of the classes I have taken have been in this school) is essential to the Hampshire experience. Yet through all of this immersion, I feel as if certain key concepts are largely forgotten or never mentioned in class.

For instance, in none of my Hampshire classes (bar one philosophy class I was enrolled in) did my professors explain

the history of the field, nor the many 'themes' of the field, nor the biggest researchers or the like. Rather, we just launched right into relevant and recent work, often quite a challenge but almost always very rewarding. The professors have never made it clear the basis of the fields; the key concepts or the like. Perhaps it is because they had a more 'normal' education. These professors have been briefed extensively in this field and know it inside and out; they recognize the basic key concepts and seem content in their knowledge, and perhaps just assume that we know some of this material also?

Why this sudden epiphany, you ask? I was taking a look at the GREs the other day, and glanced over some of the subject specific portions of this particular test. Though I feel I have a relatively solid background in psychology and English literature, (keep in mind it is *Hampshire* psychology and literature, and this is my downfall) I was hopelessly lost when reading over these specific portions of the GRE. I could confidently answer perhaps one question out of every five, if

that. This seems to be where Hampshire falls short: it prepares us so well to think on our own and work on our own, but we never really spend anytime doing the 'basics', the introduction material that every other college does for specific subject matter. Yeah, this stuff is mostly pretty boring I would imagine, and I will be honest, some of the reason I came to Hampshire was to get away from that. But I didn't imagine that it would negatively affect me later in life.

Perhaps this lack of instruction in basic concepts isn't going to harm me – is it really important to know all the esoteric questions of who designed what theory in what year or recognize what book this passage is from if I know the theory and recognize the titles of some of the books and recognize their importance? I imagine that Hampshire graduates a different kind of student after 4 years (or 5, or 6) than most any other institution. Hopefully this works in our favor, and we are actually better prepared for 'real life', wherever that ends up taking us. Speaking of which -  
(continued on page )

by JS Hilliard

## Haiku Corner

*Picnics in the quad  
Musicians making music  
Swinging on the swings*

*Hippies in the sun  
Gazebos are in full bloom  
Hampshire in the spring*

>> Sarah Weiss



# Body Modification

by Stephen Morton

I was involved in a conversation about body modification, piercings and then tattoos, earlier today. Neither of these have ever appealed to me, really. I'm not opposed to them in principle anymore, I used to be, but they just don't do anything for me. I mentioned magnetic implants, which do interest me, but there were two basic reactions to this idea, "That's dumb" or "Ew."

The first time I heard about magnets in conjunction with body modification was regarding a guy named James Sooy. He has a website which got linked around the internet quite some time ago at [www.piercedglasses.com](http://www.piercedglasses.com). Basically, he got a bridge piercing to attach glasses to, and in the second model made it so that the lenses clip on the bridge with magnets. This is a body mod that *does* something. That's more interesting, to me. Not much, but it's still a bit neat.

I forgot about that afterward. Earlier this year, I read about two guys, Todd Huffman and Shannon Laratt who'd gotten magnetic modifications of an entirely different kind. They had very small magnets implanted underneath the pad of their index fingers and, in doing so, gained the ability to feel magnetic fields. The magnets are small enough that they sit underneath the pad comfortably and unnoticeably, and as such, are quite powerful to have any effect at such small sizes. The field generated is not strong enough to have an effect on magnet sensitive things, electronics, for example, or credit cards, only strong enough to move the magnet subtly in the presence of another magnetic field.

This is a fundamentally different sort of thing than general piercings and tattoos, or even from the glasses thing. This is a body modification that, when you get down to it, gives you an extra

sense. People like to quibble over this point. I've seen "It's just a tool that you can't put down" and "It's really just touch still," but these don't people, as much as I hate to use this idiom, don't get it. It's mediated through ordinary touch, yes, but all experience is ultimately mediated through our particular senses. We forget about this because senses seem so natural to us. I have no problem with saying that this allows a person to directly experience magnetic fields.

As for the notion that it's just a tool that you can't put down, that's true, but not putting down a tool like this means that you gain new awareness of the world around you. Our world is flooded with magnetic fields, we just never notice because we can't. Even if you carry a magnet around with you, this offers a sensitivity far beyond anything you can get with that. Only the readout of a sensor would give you this level of sensitivity, but that's worlds of difference from *feeling* a magnetic field.

The "Ew." response makes no sense to me. We're talking about punching holes in people, about injecting ink into your skin to make pictures. These are accepted practices. A magnet in your finger makes you squeamish? Please.

This, as far as I know and as far as people with far more knowledge than me know, is the first body modification widely available which really and truly modifies the human experience. There are, of course, very expensive, very experimental, things which don't work so well available to let blind people see in low-resolution and grayscale, and cochlear implants for the deaf, which are similar in spirit. This is for anyone with an interest. This type of thing is in science fiction all the time. Data ports and brain implants that expand your memory and

processing power. See in infrared and communicate sub-vocally to your friend across the room. Upgrade yourself. Become human-plus. Transhuman. This is here now. It's starting.

You can read more about this, what it's actually *like* to feel a magnetic field, and other such things at the following places:

<http://www.bmezzine.com/news/pubring/20040226.html>

<http://www.bmezzine.com/news/pubring/20060115.html>

<http://www.bmezzine.com/news/pubring/20041214.html>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Transhumanism>

I do recommend reading these if you're interested, and I'll leave you with this quote:

*Jesse had told me that it could be a month before I'd be able to feel anything from the implants due to the surrounding tissue taking time to normalize, so I was surprised when I felt a strange sensation in my fingertips as I used my computer about a week after the procedure. My laptop at the time had dual harddrives and due to using a desktop CPU, an inordinate quantity of fans. Running my fingers through the air over the surface of the computer I could feel a faint vibration coming from each of these microengines, and this vibration changed slightly as the actions of the engines changed the electromagnetic field they were generating. It's hard to exactly describe what it feels like — it's definitely not as simple as "I can feel the implant vibrating under my skin", which is true, but I am completely unaware of the presence of the magnets... It's more like being able to "touch" the EM field. It's very tangible, and the best way I can describe it is a combination of vibrating air and a strong sense of static electricity.*

# Story of my life

Once upon a time there was this high school student called Ana. Ana was a lovely girl. She was a straight A and B student (with exception to a C in that fucking pre-calc class that had a Nazi for a teacher) who participated in school plays and was a member of the dork outreach program called the Robotics team. She grew up in a semi-small town in the high deserts of central Oregon. She was viewed as a radical liberal - and took pride in that title. She was once called a "baby killer" when saying she was a Democrat and, being one of the four Jews in her school, was constantly plagued by the question "You're Jewish. You still believe in Jesus though, right?"

She longed to break out of this conservative environment in college. She was in search of a place that would embrace her individualism, that was near an urban center, that was east coast and hence a totally different culture. She dreamed of a place where intellectualism excelled and she would be immersed in new ideas and conversations that were passionate but open-minded. She did find it (well, parts of it) - just in a very fucked up way.

Meet Al, the slightly disillusioned soon to be second year who, though a little jaded, does actually like Hampshire College (surprise!).

Upon deciding to attend Hampshire College because, Ana felt, it was the only college that had accepted her as an individual and not a successful number, Ana moved from central Oregon to a dakin dorm in Amherst, MA. She decided that she, starting entirely anew, would go by her full name (Analisa), because this was college, people aren't so lazy here that they would neglect to say two extra syllables. Disillusionment One: she soon went by Al.

Eager to learn new perspectives on the world and interesting side topics of a greater idea, Al signed up for classes that were typically Hampshire. Disillusionment Two: the professors did not do much of anything save make non committal "mmm-hmm" noises while listening to students who did not do the

reading and clearly were bullshitting for an eval. Al, while trying her hardest not to lose her academic integrity, soon slid into this category. She learned that the history classes she craved to take and broaden her horizons were not really history classes, but merely hearing her classmates overzealous opinions on obscure topics that no one knew truly about. She also learned that most Hampshire classes, though filled with good intentions, had no structure and therefore nothing truly concrete to learn. So she did what every Hampshire student does; she took a five college class elsewhere.

Disillusionment Three: Al is not a radical liberal, she is a fucking moderate. Upon being exposed to the Hampshire environment and supremely righteous pseudo political activists, she discovered that her views, though to the left, were actually very mild compared to this whole new world. She found herself defending

her slightly conservative side instead of her radical side.

However, instead of becoming angry, bitter and jaded (like most Omen submitters), Al learned the necessity to rant for a while, vent her frustrations, then brush it off and move on. She also learned that you need to laugh at the ridiculousness of it instead of being irate and outraged. Hampshire, like any other college or place in the world, is not perfect. Not all your dreams will come true here, but it is what you make of it and the characters you meet are hilarious and interesting. There is always something going on here, and if you don't like it, there's always a side group ready to bitch about it. So before you rant about this over-liberal, hypocritical, stoner circus school joke of a college (and feel free to do so) remember that it is actually not that bad a place and that, despite your denial, is, for all intents and purposes, home.

by Anneliese Sharpe

## The Fundamentalist Agenda

PINKERTON - As the polls are coming in, it is obvious that pro-gay-rights candidates have won a majority of the seats on the town's school board.

"Well, it's about time," says voter Evelyn Gaylord, "I'm sick and tired of those Fundamentalist Christians and their Agenda." Mrs. Gaylord's sentiments seem to be shared by many of the voters in today's election.

It appears that the firebrand anti-Fundamentalist rhetoric of several of the candidates hit its mark among the voters. A good example of such rhetoric is from a statement issued by incumbent Simeon Kwir, "Thanks to Fundamentalist activists there are already Christian clubs in our schools. Next on their Agenda is school prayer. It's obvious who their target is: our children. The Fundamentalists are recruiting in schools and that has to stop!"

"My son found out the other day that his geography teacher is, is.. one of them. I cannot stand for this," says concerned parent Sappho Jones. Jones cites the presence of openly Fundamentalist teachers as a sign of the declining focus on morality in public schools. "The curriculum in the schools nowadays actually teaches that thier lifestyle is OK. If somebody doesn't do something about this soon I'm going to send my kids to a Montessori school."

"It's part of a grand vision for them, a Fundamentalist Agenda," says Dr. John van Dyke, founder of Fixation on the Familial Unit, "They are conspiring with the pro-war crowd and corrupt CEO's to create an America devoid of morality. I'm afraid it may get worse before it gets better. With activist judges legislating from the bench, we may see more laws being circumvented to benefit the Religious Right. This is the reason our organization was founded. We want to be a source of hope in these troubling times. We will publicly endorse candidates like Mr. Kwir who are courageous enough to stand up to the Fundamentalist Agenda."

If the new school board members live up to their promises, the future of Pinkerton's schools is clear. Is this the beginning of a nation-wide, grassroots movement to combat the Religious Right? Only time will tell.

<http://jehovahsfitness.wordpress.com/2005/11/08/the-fundamentalist-agenda/>

Submitted by Stephen Morton





# COMMUNITY MATTERS!



*This photo was taken at an all-community with President Hexter. There are 49 students in the audience.*

*>>Photo by Sarah Weiss*

Because Hampshire doesn't have nearly enough supporters to create a club for my particular interest of Contemporary Botswanan Underwater Basketweaving for Social Change, I've decided to create a club that could include everyone at Hampshire, Apathy Association. We'll have meetings, but no one would attend so we might not bother. It's not like any-

one cares about the Apathy movement. Meeting times? Like, whenever. We won't be official because the paperwork is lame. We don't have a budget, because it doesn't matter. However, since most people at Hampshire have apathy as a current hobby, we'll get lots of members. If any of them care to come.

*-Linnaea Furlong*



# Daily Jolt!

Submitted by Elton Joe

**Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 2:25 pm

I have been going out with this girl for about two years now and I am madly in love with her, and my family loves her almost as much as I do. I was hoping to give my parents a photo of us because I know it would make them so happy. I was looking through my the photos of my girlfriend and I and I could really only find one good one (I guess we don't take many photos together). The only problem with this photo is the prominence of my girlfriend's nipples. They are clearly poking through her shirt. I don't know what to do; should I bother to photoshop them out or should I just leave it alone. Maybe the photo would look weirder *without* the nipples. Part of me believes that maybe I just noticed them because I adore yummy boobies. What should I do??

**Re: Nips: what to do??**Guest (Guest), 4/4, 2:35 pm  
crop it.**Re: Nips: what to do??**

xanth, 4/4, 2:36 pm

I wouldn't bother. I'm betting your parents know what nipples are and unless they have horrendously prudish tendencies, I wouldn't worry about it.

Unless they're literally poking through her shirt.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

jolter\_elton, 4/4, 2:52 pm

I 2nd that.

**Guest wrote:**

pix plz

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Daveinator, 4/4, 3:05 pm

Send it to box 863.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 4:17 pm

i dont think your parents will be surprised to find out that your girlfriend has nipples. if you are trying to hide that fact, as well as all the others (you only have ONE photo which is "acceptable"? ) you must be living a nasty lie of a life. it will all come crashing down

someday.

i pity you

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 4:28 pm

Oooooohhh do tell of the kinds of pitiful lies am I living in!!!!!!

**Guest wrote:**

*i dont think your parents will be surprised to find out that your girlfriend has nipples. if you are trying to hide that fact, as well as all the others (you only have ONE photo which is "acceptable"? ) you must be living a nasty lie of a life. it will all come crashing down someday.*

*i pity you***Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 4:37 pm

your girlfriend is a sexual being and you try to cover it up for your parents.

pathetic and pitiful

**Guest wrote:**

*Oooooohhh do tell of the kinds of pitiful lies am I living in!!!!!!*

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 4:47 pm

I always considered myself to be modest...I guess I am not enough of a free-spirit.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 5:35 pm

hey, dont listen to what "pathetic and pitiful" says. haha, what a asshole.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 5:37 pm

i dont know what "free-spirit" has to do with this. i guess i'm just reading "modest" as "repressed"

**Guest wrote:**

*I always considered myself to be modest...I guess I am not enough of a free-spirit.*

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 6:14 pm

you need to photoshop those out. you don't want your parents to think of totally hot erect nipples seriously when they think of your gf, do you?

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 6:28 pm

crop, photoshop, or have somebody take a picture of the two of you. You can hold up a "hi mom!" sign over her chest if her nipples always stick out like that.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

roflcopter (Guest), 4/4, 9:21 pm

WHY NOT JUST TAKE ANOTHER PICTURE?

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Guest (Guest), 4/4, 10:36 pm

because then he wouldnt be able to anonymously talking about his girlfriend who (gasp!) has nipples!

**roflcopter wrote:**

WHY NOT JUST TAKE ANOTHER PICTURE?

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

Danno, 4/5, 12:09 am

This is probably the only good thread I've ever seen on this board.

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

6U357XX0R (Guest), 4/5, 12:50 am

DANNO = GUEST

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

ho\_chi\_minh, 4/6, 12:08 am

dear hampshire daily jolt,  
will you marry me? i love you and you make me laugh every day. i can't live without you.

love always,

elizabeth

**Re: Nips: what to do??**

jolter\_elton, 4/6, 12:59 am

dear ho,  
don't y'all talk about "nips" on the smith jolt?

love always,

hampshire daily jolt

**ho\_chi\_minh wrote:**

*dear hampshire daily jolt,  
will you marry me? i love you and you make me laugh every day. i can't live without you.*



love always,  
elizabeth

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Purple Queen, 4/6, 10:01 am  
crop it, and send us all a copy!!

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Catastrophe Jones, 4/6, 10:05 am

-----  
Guest wrote:

i dont think your parents will be surprised to find out that your girlfriend has nipples. if you are trying to hide that fact, as well as all the others (you only have ONE photo which is "acceptable") you must be living a nasty lie of a life. it will all come crashing down someday.

i pity you

-----  
Wow. Holy Judgemental Snatchface, Batman! Projecting, are we?

The OP never really suggested repression, or 'hiding' or anything, and I don't know about you, but a lot of people aren't camera-happy, or are insanely judgemental about what photos they share.

Calm down instead of calling other people pitiful and pathetic because they asked a question that triggered your need to shout 'ZOMG TEH SEXORZ R HEALTHY N U R A SAD FREAK IF YOU ARE ANYTHING BUT VOCAL AND DEMONSTRATIVE!'

Have some respect for the fact that other people are curious about tact and the sensibilities of others, even if you aren't, okay?

### Re: Nips: what to do??

smithie (Guest), 4/6, 10:55 am

My suggestion: go through the photos with your girlfriend and if she decides to send that one, go with it. If she doesn't have a problem with her nipples, then send it to the folks.

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Guest (Guest), 4/6, 3:22 pm

simple. just photoshop her face onto another body. Then, you can pick what body your parents want to imagine your girlfriend in.

Seriously, though, I would never give a photo like that to my folks. I can just imagine my dad drooling over my gf... gross.

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Guest (Guest), 4/6, 3:24 pm

yeah dude all dads are total pervs. make

sure she's not as hot as your mom was when she was your girlfriends age... then they'll love her.

Guest wrote:

simple. just photoshop her face onto another body. Then, you can pick what body your parents want to imagine your girlfriend in.

Seriously, though, I would never give a photo like that to my folks. I can just imagine my dad drooling over my gf... gross.

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Guest (Guest), 4/6, 7:03 pm

May I just point out that 9 times out of 10, erect nipples have way more to do with it being cold out than the person being "hot"? This isn't about climax, it's about climate, folks.

Guest wrote:

you need to photoshop those out. you don't want your parents to think of totally hot erect nipples seriously when they think of your gf, do you?

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Guest (Guest), 4/6, 7:52 pm

I think guest meant that the nipples poking through the shirt is one of the sexiest things EVERRRRRR. All want to do when I see little nip nips poking out is to rub, tweak, and twiddle them, giving them the same care that is in store for the little clitty when the time is right...I sometimes cumm pondering the framing areola and the pyramid of nipple that is erected upwards, outwards, bursting forth from the terrestrial plane, REACHING FOR GOD!!! i ALSO LYKE WATCHIGN MYSELF JERKINNG OFF IN TEH MIRROR.

Guest wrote:

May I just point out that 9 times out of 10, erect nipples have way more to do with it being cold out than the person being "hot"? This isn't about climax, it's about climate, folks.

Guest wrote:

you need to photoshop those out. you don't want your parents to think of totally hot erect nipples seriously when they think of your gf, do you?

### Re: Nips: what to do??

another smithie (Guest), 4/6, 7:56 pm

I CNANOT STOP FUCKING LAUGHING  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA  
<3

Guest wrote:

I have been going out with this girl for about

two years now and I am madly in love with her, and my family loves her almost as much as I do. I was hoping to give my parents a photo of us because I know it would make them so happy. I was looking through my the photos of my girlfriend and I and I could really only find one good one (I guess we don't take many photos together). The only problem with this photo is the prominence of my girlfriend's nipples. They are clearly poking through her shirt. I don't know what to do; should I bother to photoshop them out or should I just leave it alone. Maybe the photo would look weirder without the nipples. Part of me believes that maybe I just noticed them because I adore yummy boobies. What should I do??

### Re: Nips: what to do??

Guest (Guest), Yesterday, 12:05 am  
INCREDIBLE!

Guest wrote:

I think guest meant that the nipples poking through the shirt is one of the sexiest things EVERRRRRR. All want to do when I see little nip nips poking out is to rub, tweak, and twiddle them, giving them the same care that is in store for the little clitty when the time is right...I sometimes cumm pondering the framing areola and the pyramid of nipple that is erected upwards, outwards, bursting forth from the terrestrial plane, REACHING FOR GOD!!! i ALSO LYKE WATCHIGN MYSELF JERKINNG OFF IN TEH MIRROR.

### Re: Nips: what to do??

jolter\_elton, Yesterday, 1:48 am

Clearly you need to get your girl some Nipples:

<http://engrish.com/...>

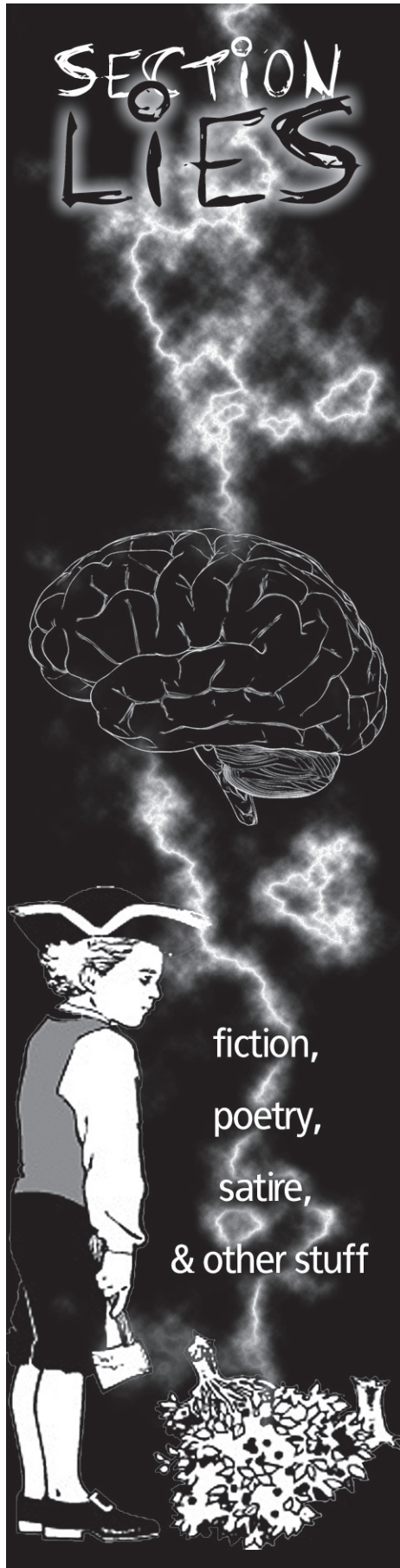
<http://engrish.com/...>

Please put it on your bust. For swimming, dancing, and t-shirt time.

also <http://www.gujian.net/...>







by Barrister Dozy Dom Esq.

Dear Friend, I'm happy to inform you about my success in getting those funds transferred under the cooperation of a new partner from Antigua and Barbuda . Presently i'm in Antigua and Barbuda for investment projects with my own share of the total sum. meanwhile,i didn't forget your past efforts and attempts to assist me in transferring those funds despite that it failed us some how. Now contact my secretary in Benin his name is tony bombee on (tonybombee@myway.com) ask him to send you the total of \$800.000.00 which i kept for your compensation for all the past efforts and attempts to assist me in this matter. I appreciated your efforts at that time very much. So feel free and get in touched with my secretary tony bombee and instruct him where to send the amount to you.and make sure that coply with him,therefore all you need to do is to give him your

## GOOD NEWS TO YOU

full contact were he will send it stated below. YOUR FULL NAME..... YOUR HOME ADDRESS..... YOUR COUNTRY..... YOUR OCCUPATION..... YOUR PHONE NUMBER..... AGE..... SEX..... Please do let me know immediately you receive it so that we can share the joy after all the sufferness at that time. in the moment, I'm very busy here because of the investment projects which me and the new partner are having at hand, finally, remember that I have forwarded instruction to the secretary on your behalf to receive that money, so feel free to get in touch with tony bombee he will send the amount to you without any delay. Regards, Barrister Dozy Dom Esq. GOOD NEWS TO YOU

Sexy Like Us : Tu veux savoir si tu as la cote ? <http://www.sexy.lycos.fr>

HOW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
JACOB LEFTON  
ATTRACTS WOMEN



Submitted by Sarah Weiss

# On the day-to-day doings of a not entirely uninteresting man...

by Daniel Cottle

Mr. Broadly was a thoroughly boring individual. He lived in a small room with indescribably beige walls. This room's occupants consisted of himself, one Mr. Broadly, and a number of other unimpressive accoutrements, namely:

- i. a battered toaster oven perched upon a small table
- ii.. a small crumpled scrap of paper
- iii. a rickety chair with a cushion that was patterned with faded red roses and that smelled a bit like wet dog
- iv. a large, rather ornate, circular portal
- v. a perfectly ordinary door

Mr. Broadly could not decide if the tremulous chair was uncomfortable. He had tried untying the small cloth straps which held the unfortunately patterned cushion in place, taking it off and putting it back on upside down to see if it would be any better. The problem was that once he had done that he could not decide whether it was more or less uncomfortable. This train of thought was sure to lead to a whole host of questions that would inevitably end in Mr. Broadly getting depressed and not sitting in the chair at all. He did not want to have to stand indefinitely, so he reversed the cushion again again and quickly sat down to squash the disheartening process of his own indecision before it even got started. That narrow aversion of a depression was the most excitement that Mr. Broadly had that week, and, come to think of it, the following week as well.

Mr. Broadly was not a very interesting man. However, he was not wholly disinteresting either. You see, for someone to be entirely disinteresting they must be remarkable, and there was not a single remarkable thing about Mr. Broadly. Let me give you an example. Mr. Broadly enjoyed the smell of pencil

shavings, because they reminded him of Petunias. Why they reminded him of Petunias he did not know, and if he had ever known he could not recall. He reached this conclusion rather rapidly every time he smelled pencil shavings, which (not interestingly) was not that often, and so it did little to make him any less unremarkable.

For each of his meals every day, Mr. Broadly would take only a slice of bread and a bit of butter. The bread was always rye and the butter always almost frozen. Sometimes he would have the butter on top of the bread, sometimes beneath it. Sometimes he would use the toaster oven perched on the small table to heat the butter, or toast the bread--or, on occasion, both. Very rarely, when it was available to him, he would take his bread and butter with a pinch of salt.

When Mr. Broadly was not eating, he would sit and stare around the room. He would glance from toaster oven to unremarkable table to indescribably beige walls, to small dejected scrap of paper, to perfectly ordinary door and back to the toaster oven. This is exactly what he was doing today just after lunch, except this time, just as he was polishing off the last bit of rye crust, his gaze settled on the perfectly ordinary door. Try as he might, he could not make his glance return to the battered toaster oven or even the small table that held it. The problem was that he could not remember where the door led or, for that matter, why it was in his room. It had the feeling of something that he had known all his life but that had just now slipped his mind. He tried mentally picking at it a bit, but it did not come back to him. He tried to give himself a small mental vacation so that the inkling might return in his absence. He imagined himself in a rowboat on a rather flat, murky lake, wearing a floppy sun hat.

This was working out fine for him, and he was just being sort of un-intrigued by the very ordinary-sized hills on the horizon when his imaginary boat sprung a leak. So he started imaginarily bailing out his make-believe rowboat with a rusty metal bucket that had just popped into existence in his mental vacation. When he had got the rowboat business all sorted out, he returned to find that the reason why the door was there was still conspicuously absent. Mr. Broadly's next plan was to pretend to be thinking about something else, so as to catch the inkling precisely when it returned to his mind, like a cat burglar. He even made a show of looking as if his mind were on a pleasant stroll, but the inkling did not arrive, and creating the appearance of mental strolling was becoming hard work, so he gave up.

Mr. Broadly glanced over his shoulder at the more ornate, circular, metal portal behind him, hoping that it would prove more interesting and distract him from the distressing truth that he had no idea what other door was doing in his room and what it wanted from him. The problem was that he knew exactly why the ornate metal portal was there and exactly what lay behind it. If he could only remember what was beyond the other door. A moment later, just as it felt like the elusive inkling would finally return to him, the whole business had, rather pleasantly, floated out of his mind, as if borne on cool-whip and marmalade wings, and all that Mr. Broadly could think was, "I wonder how I shall take my bread and butter tomorrow."

Questions, comments,  
scathing criticisms:  
djc05@hampshire.edu



# I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays:

*A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams\**

Greetings, all, and welcome to yet another installment of my fortnightly column. I'll admit; as much as I dread writing these things (I never have anything new or particularly interesting to say, which I fear is becoming more and more obvious as the weeks fly by...and they really are flying by, aren't they? Another six weeks, and then I'll have a break from writing these ever other week for a good three and a half months!...er, sorry, I realize that for many of you, the end of the semester being so near is a source of hatred and fear instead of excitement, and besides, this parenthetical remark has gone on for long I highly doubt anyone remembers what I was saying in the first place), I do enjoy getting the opportunity to provide the community with something to read. Occasionally, these days I'm even recognized around the area, and on more than one occasion, I've been told that someone enjoyed my column. I get the feeling that these people must be reading a different column, perhaps on with more substance, but nevertheless. Thank you, those of you who enjoy this column. You make it slightly less painful to write the next.

And speaking of painful! I recently spent some time traveling by train (likely my most pleasant train journey yet, as the train was actually on time, a near miracle as far as I can tell), and while I was traveling, I happened to read a review in the New York Times. This particular review centered on production of the new Lord of the Rings musical that opened in Toronto, Canada. And let me tell you; this reviewer (who goes by the name of Ben Brantley, and is a fantastic writer, it seems) ripped this show apart. I quote: "Everyone and everything ends up lost in this \$25 million adaptation of J.R.R. Tolkien's cult-inspiring trilogy of fantasy novels. That includes plot, character and the patience of most ordinary theatergoers." He continues hacking away at the production in the most erudite of ways, cutting down not only the actors ("The show's best known actor is Brent Carver [a Tony winner for "Kiss of the Spider Woman"], whose hole-pitted line readings as the magisterial wizard Gandalf inappropriately suggest that the old sage is suffering from a Hamlet-like crisis of resolution,"), but the choreographers, the lighting designer ("There is a protracted Morris dance-style sequence in a quaint tavern, in which cast members refreshingly hoist benches instead of the usual poles, and much semaphoric gesturing and slow-motion writing for the fight sequences. Since Paul Pyant's lighting design tends to the crepuscular, it is not always possible to tell who is fighting whom,"), and the costume designer ("But the show's must-have costume items are clearly the springing shoes worn by some of the evil Orcs [at least that's what I think they were], who look like a squadron of vengeful houseplants trained in the martial arts,").

(If you're interested in reading the rest of the review – and I highly suggest that you do – it can be found at the following

web address: <http://theater2.nytimes.com/2006/03/24/theater/reviews/24ring.html>)

I feel a bit sorry for my companions on the train, who had to listen to my random shouts of laughter as I read this review. But I found it to be brilliantly scathing – which meant that I also found it absolutely hilarious. And that led me to thinking a bit: Why is it that we (and when I say "we" I mean myself, along with whatever other people out there happen to agree with me) find scathing reviews so much fun to read?

One might, at first, think that this is because we like reading about people who have failed. So many of us feel that life is based entirely on success, success that we seem to be missing completely in our own, personal lives, and so getting a chance to see someone's else's failure written up in the Times makes us feel better about our own lives. At least when we fail particularly spectacularly at doing something, it isn't written about in a large newspaper. (This is the assumption I'm making for most of you, at least; as a writer I've had a few of my books reviewed, and it's rarely a fun experience.)

That's a bit of a downer, though, isn't it? Are we all such terrible people, as a society on a whole, that we take immense joy in reading about someone else's spectacular failure? Well, that's what reality television in America would lead you to believe, but I don't think that's quite it, really. I think that the reason we like to read bad reviews is because of the reviewers themselves, or, rather, the language used by these reviewers.

You see, reviewers are exceptionally brilliant people, overall. (Keep in mind when I use 'reviewers' in this context, I mean those who are professionally employed as such, not that prat in the back of the cinema make lewd comment every seven and a half minutes.) These people are able to skillfully, intelligently, and humorously point out the flaws of a piece of theatre (or film, or writing, etcetera). They don't just go for the obvious phrase "it sucks", but rather, go into elaborate detail about why it sucks, what elements make it boring or incomprehensible or just plain unpleasant. The adjectives used to describe the work are often uncommon ones, the analogies well-thought through and creative, and the writing in general clever and witty. And so, as readers, we're seeking out not a chance to laugh at someone's fiasco of a theatre project, but rather, at the reviewer's creativity and ability to turn something as unpleasant as his experience with the work in question into a humorous piece of writing that amuses and entertains, in a way that the work in question will not. And that, in my opinion, is an impressive feat.

\*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov. Feel free to write a scathing review about it.





# FALL 2006 COURSE GUIDE



Yessiree Folks, it's that time of year again. It's time for course selection! The course guide is up on The Hub, but we found some files they forgot to upload. It seems they were just waiting to screw you over as you chose all your classes and then found out that no, that professor isn't teaching that course, he's teaching this other course that has no relevance to anything you want to study, and that other guy's course has just been moved

to 9AM, and the two most interesting courses you'll ever see in your life and are perfect for connecting the two unconnectable parts of your Div II are at the same time! Boy oh boy, don't you just love pre-registration? Oh, sorry, you can't sign up for that really popular course you didn't get into last semester because there's a hold on your account. Please make an appointment to talk with a Financial Aid Officer!



## Cognitive Science

*Figuring Out What the Hell Constitutes as 'CS'*

CS-0101

With a school that covers subjects from computer science to brains to philosophy, it can be hard to determine whether you are, in fact, a "cognitive science" student. This course will answer such questions as why Linear Algebra is CS/NS while Advanced Calculus and Statistics are exclusively NS, why we have a "Language Studies Program" but Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages is CS, or the differences between the philosophy courses taught in the schools of CS, SS, and IA.

pioneer them), historical vandalism and the origin of the art, as well as advanced topics in surfaces, space selection and not getting arrested.

Crosslisted with IA 265

*Picasso's "Guernica"*

HACU-0385

A class created as a bet between Hextor and the entire HACU department. HACU says they could make a class about literally anything, and Hextor suggested a whole course devoted to a single painting. Now you, the student, can reap the fruits of this wager! Explore the themes of the painting, where it was stored, and why in blazes you're a HACU concentrator.

## Humanities, Arts, and Cultural Understandings

*Why Do We Have HACU*

HACU-0101

We don't know...

*Graffiti for the Pretentious Modern Artist*

HACU-0265

Always wonder why people get offended by your art on their buildings and sidewalks? Upgrade your tag into a respectable public work in this studio course. We will cover topics including materials, styles (and the men and women who

## Interdisciplinary Arts

*The Difference Between IA and HACU*

IA-0101

Nothing, really.

*Introduction to Subsequential-Neo-Post-Modern Movement*

IA-0112

Where is Art heading? Students will intimately engage with this question, and push Art to its very limits, creating pieces that stretch both Artist and those appreciating the Art. No idea is too wild; no piece too incomprehensible; no form too juvenile. We will be the next great wave of Art, and from these hills of Hampshire, our beautiful souls will flow outwards to touch all the world.

*Theatre for Young Audiences in Urban Communities for Social Change*  
IA - 0443

The quintessentially Hampshire theatre course. By utilizing gender deconstructionist language, this class will explore how to promote any variety of social causes through theatre by affecting children. Akin to brainwashing? Maybe. Utterly pointless? Definitely.

## Natural Sciences

*Medicinal Herbs*

NS-0143

Oh for the love of God, who are we kidding? It's a damn course on weed. Now you can grow your own batch instead of paying outrageous sums of money to Columbians. Fine, we spelled it out for you hippies. Happy?

*Why NS is the Best School on Campus I*

NS-0146T

Discover why NS does everything better than all the other schools in this tutorial course. We will cover such topics as "mode of inquiry," "requirements for passing Division I and all the deadlines I need to know," "homework that has a point," and real research in interesting fields. We will also delve into such advanced subjects as "finding help when I need it," and "speaking to my advisor, ever." Next semester's follow-up course, *Why NS is the Best School on Campus, II* will introduce the school's plan to overtake the other four schools in a righteous, bloody battle. Combat skill not required.

*Lynn Miller Yells at You For An Hour and Twenty Minutes*

NS-0206

This course will meet every morning at 8:00am sharp; tardiness will not be tolerated

*Sustainable Agriculture is a Real Science*

NS-0257

Enroll in a course with 40 other SS students to discover why NS is the place to be. This course will explore the various aspects of sustainable agriculture, though no one is exactly sure what they are besides sustainability and agriculture. We will also cover the many methods to help you pass yourself as ecologist, plant physiologist, chemist or microbiologist so as to help you get into grad school without taking all those nasty prerequisites. This course will include several trips to various

places to mock the other science students doing labwork indoors. PREREQUISITES: Hating science in high school.

## Social Science

*Useless Navel Staring III*

SS-0332

Further removing yourself from real life, the Hampshire Social Science Department allows you deeper retreat into the realm of hypotheticals, absolute relatives, and complete lack of basis in reality. Read about other cultures and judge them with no justification. Take current events, cram them through your chosen agenda's filter, and write papers proclaiming your own greatness and how it relates to everyone. Have no one but other academics read your papers! Be so open minded that your brain falls out!

*Community Building at Hampshire*

SS-0399

This extremely advanced course is designed for students interested in the history of Hampshire community, and the recent move to create it. Not only will we create the first sense of Hampshire Community to exist in years (hell, possibly ever) we will also turn lead to gold, resurrect Ronald Reagan, and increase my penis size by three inches – NATURALLY! Students will be expected to write rambling one page responses every week and sometimes complete their readings, though just showing up to class and saying whatever is on your mind will probably suffice for an evaluation that will be completed a few months after the semester ends.

## Offerings at other schools...

AMHERST

- You Don't Wear the Right Color Plaid to Get Into This Course

SMITH

- Man-Hating I, II, III

- Yet ANOTHER Course on Jane Austin

UMASS

- Communications Maj - - damn it, I almost said it with a straight face...

- Telescope Usage to see the Professor in your class of 300.

